Vp ſirra goe with vs.

Enter Prince, Capolets wife.

Pry: Where be the vile beginners of this fray?
Ben: Ah Noble Prince I can discouer all
The moſt vnlucky mannage of this brawle.
Heere lyes the man ſlaine by yong *Romeo*,
That ſlew thy kinſman braue *Mercutio*,
M: *Tibalt*, *Tybalt*, O my brothers child,
Vnhappie ſight? Ah the blood is ſpilt
Of my deare kinſman, Prince as thou art true:
For blood of ours, ſhed bloud of *Mountagew*.
Pry: Speake *Benuolio* who began this fray?
Ben: *Tibalt* heere ſlaine whom *Romeos* hand did ſlay.
Romeo who ſpake him fayre bid him bethinke
How nice the quarrell was.
But *Tibalt* ſtill perſiſting in his wrong,
The ſtout *Mercutio* drewe to calme the ſtorme,
Which *Romeo* ſeeing cal'd ſtay Gentlemen,
And on me cry'd, who drew to part their ſtrife,
And with his agill arme yong *Romeo*,
As faſt as tung cry de peace, ſought peace to make.
While they were enterchanging thruſts and blows,
Vnder yong *Romeos* laboring arme to part,
The furious *Tybalt* caſt an enuious thruſt,
That rid the life of ſtout *Mercutio*,
With that he fled, but preſently return'd,
And with his rapier braued *Romeo*:
That had but newly entertain'd reuenge,
And ere I could draw forth my rapyer
To part their furie, downe did *Tybalt* fall,
And this way *Romeo* fled.
Mo: He is a *Mountagew* and ſpeakes partiall,
Some twentie of them fought in this blacke ſtrife:
And all thoſe twenty could but kill one life.

I doe

I doo intreate ſweete Prince thoult iuſtice giue,
Romeo ſlew *Tybalt*, *Romeo* may not liue.
Prin: And for that offence
Immediately we doo exile him hence.
I haue an intereſt in your hates proceeding,
My blood for your rude braules doth lye a bleeding.
But Ile amerce you with ſo large a fine,
That you ſhall all repent the loſſe of mine.
I will be deafe to pleading and excuſes,
Nor teares nor prayers ſhall purchaſe for abuſes.
Pittie ſhall dwell and gouerne with vs ſtill:
Mercie to all but murdrers, pardoning none that kill.

Exeunt omnes.

Enter Iuliet.

Iul: Gallop apace you fierie footed ſteedes
To *Phœbus* manſion, ſuch a Waggoner
As *Phaeton*, would quickly bring you thether,
And ſend in cloudie night immediately.

Enter Nurſe wringing her hands, with the ladder of cordes in her lap.

But how now Nurſe: O Lord, why lookſt thou ſad?
What haſt thou there, the cordes?
Nur: I, I, the cordes: alacke we are vndone,
We are vndone Ladie, we are vndone.
Iul: What diuell art thou that torments me thus?
Nurſe: Alack the day, hees dead, hees dead, hees dead.
Iul: This torture ſhould be roard in dismall hell.
Can heauens be ſo enuious?
Nur: *Romeo* can if heauens cannot.
I ſaw the wound, I ſaw it with mine eyes,
God ſaue the ſample, on his manly breaſt:
A bloodie coarſe, a piteous bloodie coarſe,
All pale as aſhes, I ſwounded at the ſight.

Iul:

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